

CHARIVARIA.

"JAPAN," says *Commercial Intelligence*, "is, in a sense, the missing link between the apathetic East and the commercial West." When one remembers the trouble that was caused by the Russians referring to our plucky little allies as "Yellow monkeys," we cannot help thinking that the expression "missing link" is a wee bit unfortunate.

"GOETHE'S *Faust* has had many translators and many adapters since MARLOWE'S day," says *The Sphere*. Aye, and since CHAUCER'S day, too.

The Local Government Board has issued a circular condemning motor-omnibus racing. A vigorous protest from sportsmen is expected.

A lady artist who attempted to sketch from one of the L.C.C. piers was stopped by an official because she had not complied with certain red-tape requirements. This may explain why the L.C.C. steamboats failed to draw.

Apparently the Government does not intend to replace the torpedo-boat destroyers *Gala* and *Tiger* which were sunk in collision. The official view is, we believe, that the new boats might be lost in the same way, so the money is to be saved.

The Select Committee on the Reform of the House of Lords recommends that the Upper Chamber be popularised. This is taken to mean that those members who have Musical Comedy wives will be asked to invite their spouses to give an occasional performance at Westminster.

As a result of the intimation that no more attempts on the Channel will be made this year, the water has now calmed down and may occasionally be seen smiling.

"I regard angels as sexless," says Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. Yet the police, we believe, do not look upon the militant Suffragettes as angels.

With reference to the recent burg-

lary at MARK TWAIN'S country home, we are reminded that this is not the first occasion on which the veteran humourist has been the victim of thieves. His jokes are constantly being lifted.

The statement that the "Autumn Girl" is to wear toilettes in all the season's colours—russet and bronze and gold—points to a striking difference between the two sexes. We doubt very much whether the man who appears in a black coat which



Very late Customer (on evening of Sept. 30, after studying the Menu for some considerable time). "AH—UM—YES—LET ME SEE—UM, AH—ER—YES, I THINK I'LL HAVE SOME PARTRIDGE."

Waiter (very weary, but anxious to oblige). "YESSIR. IF YOU GO ON THINKING A LITTLE LONGER, SIR, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE IT PLEASANT."

by reason of its age bears autumn tints will be considered good form.

Motorists are said to be in favour of the recommendation of the Cyclists' Touring Club, to the effect that deaf cyclists, in order to show that sound signals are inaudible to them, shall attach two red and white discs to the back forks of their bicycles. These will make it clear to the Coroner that the accident was not the fault of the motorist.

The Londoner at the seaside! An overheard conversation:—*She*.

"There now. I've left my book at 'ome!" *He*. "Never mind. 'Ave a look at the scenery." *She* (with withering scorn). "What d'you take me for!"

TEASHOP GOLF.

The object of the game is to eat cakes, muffins, ices, etc., in the least number of bites possible. Each player's plate must originally contain eighteen specimens.

It was the other day that I met SMITH in the Oxford Street A. B. C. Amateur Championship.

I won the first, a currant bun, in 4, SMITH, who got well through the brown with his first, going to pieces—or rather one of his teeth did—on a stone in the third bite.

Having the honour, I now negotiated a bath-bun, the bogey for which is, I believe, 3. I got into difficult stuff with my second, and could only manage a nibble, and in the end SMITH won. The third, the raspberry sandwich, I won in 4, while SMITH was victorious at the cheese cake and chocolate éclair. We halved the crumpet in two, and I won the muffin, SMITH getting into casual butter. He, however, took the meringue and the apple dumpling, and at the turn was two up.

Coming home, I began by being badly bunkered in the crust of the custard. Finally I gave it to SMITH. The eleventh, however—the plum tartlet—I did in four, SMITH, who was bothered by the stones, taking twelve and two cups of tea. SMITH took the tea-cake, but I took the biscuit, in what I found afterwards was a record for the café.

At the seventeenth we were like as we sat, and everything depended on the strawberry ice. SMITH drove on to the cup-brim with a good swallow. I got off slightly better, reaching the pretty. With his second, SMITH lifted the melted remains. I saw I had only one chance unless we were to play another currant-bun for the nineteenth. I took my spoon with a low grip, and playing well through, ran the rest of it down with my second. SMITH, who was lying practically dead, recovered a week later.

HOW A SISTER OF PERCY'S BECAME QUEEN.

"So you're still a bachelor, eh, PERCY?" I remarked as he flew in. "All right up to now," he said; but I noticed at once that he was not in such high spirits as on his previous visit. "My old termagants have had other things to think about than marryin' me off. Been havin' no end of a ruction—a revolution and that. My Mother ain't Queen now. One of my Sisters is. I call it playin' it rather low down, if you ask me."

I asked for particulars.

"It's a long story," he said, "and I daresay I haven't got to the bottom of it. They don't tell us more than they can help. But you'll remember me tellin' you I expected my poor old Mother would find herself unpopular after leavin' 'em all up the pole as she did over that silly swarmin' business? Well, she did, and no mistake. They've had a down on her ever since. Went about buzzin' that she was past her work, and it was time to think of lettin' out one of the young Princesses to take her place. They always keep a few handy, you know, in case of a vacancy on the throne. Well, when my Lady-Mother got wind of what was up she was awful wild. Got her scimitar out and made a rush for the cells where the Princesses were, to settle the whole lot of 'em. Only they were so well guarded that she couldn't—which made her simply frantic. Mind you, I'm not excusin' her—but it was only natural that, after having reigned such a dooce of a time as four years she should cut up rather rusty at the idea of abdicatin'."

"Next thing I heard was that they called a meetin' of the Cabinet to decide what was to be done with her. I wasn't there, of course, but, from what I picked up, they voted for packin' her off to start a Colony somewhere on her own. She wouldn't hear of it—said she'd jolly well stick where she was and be hanged to 'em. So they were in a bit of a fix."

"It was old CAROLINE that pulled 'em through by comin' forward with a confession. She'd been gettin' shaky for a long time, but it was the swarmin' that broke her up. Never the same bee afterwards. Now, she said, she felt she was nearin' her end, but she couldn't fly off with a quiet conscience to the usual dyn' place until she'd unburdened herself of a State Secret that had been weighin' on her mind ever since it had been revealed to her by her aunt, who'd had it from her aunt, who'd been told it by hers. So the Council invited her to get it off her chest."

"Accordin' to CAROLINE, several generations ago the Queen they had then was missin', and there wasn't a single Princess ready to succeed her, and CAROLINE's great-great-aunt, bein' Prime Minister, saw something had got to be done. Her first idea was to get hold of a worker-larva, slip it into a royal cell, and feed it up into a Sovereign of sorts. But there didn't happen to be a larva about who was young enough to fill the bill. So what did CAROLINE's unscrupulous great-great-aunt do but go off on the quiet to a neighbourin' State, sneak a common larva of theirs, bring it home, and pass it off as the rightful heirress. 'That larva,' said old CAROLINE, with quavering antennæ, 'is her present Majesty!'

"I call it a jolly thin story myself," was PERCY'S comment, "and it's my belief that either old CAROLINE was dotty or else she'd been put up to tellin' it. If her great-great aunt ever had managed to get into a foreign city, she'd have been stung to death long before she could have boned a larva. What?"

But I could not help remembering that in *The Lore of*

the Honey-Bee it was stated that in certain emergencies worker-bees have been known to resort to such unprincipled expedients. I feared that the scandal was only too well founded, though, of course, I did not mention this impression to PERCY.

"Well, when the old girls heard CAROLINE's rigmorale they declared they'd suspected something all along—there were lots of little things they'd noticed in the Queen (so they said) that showed bad breedin'—though they'd never believed till then she was actually a low-born foreigner. Anyway, it gave 'em the excuse they wanted for gettin' rid of her."

"It may have been necessary, but what I barred was the way they went about it. It isn't etiquette, it seems, to use violence to the Queen, so—you mayn't believe it—those confounded humbuggin' jades all closed round and kept on cuddlin' her till they'd cuddled the life out of her! I saw them at it, and though I only knew my Lady-Mother by sight and she wouldn't have known me from a bluebottle if she'd ever noticed me on the comb, still, after all, family ties do go for something, and I did think it was a bit too thick. So did ALGIE and REGGIE and poor old GUS. We shouted 'Shame!' round the corner, but we might have been so many maggots for all the effect it had!"

"No sooner was she no more than they proclaimed one of my Sisters. She'd been out and crawlin' about for some time, but none of us had noticed her. But I will say she made a rippin' Queen. I felt quite proud of her at the Coronation. Top-hole, she looked! Then she sailed off on her weddin' journey with some poor devil of a drone from the next State, and when she arrived home alone I can tell you she had something like a reception. The old girls went almost off their heads with excitement. Though they kept us out of it—we weren't even allowed to come and offer our congratulations to our own Sister! Humiliatin', I call it. What?"

"But I must say her next proceedin' rather put me off; for she went straight to the other Royal cells, which had been left unguarded on purpose, and polished off all the Princesses, one by one, with her scimitar. Seemed to be enjoyin' it, too! Girls will be girls, I suppose, and she had her position to think of; but, all the same, a fellow don't like to see any sister of his goin' on like that, and it's given me a fit of the blues."

"One good thing about all this," he continued more cheerfully, "it's put all that matchmakin' nonsense out of their heads so far as I'm concerned, as I said when I came in. I'm beginnin' to hope they've given up ARCHIE and ALGIE and GUS and me as hopeless bad jobs by this time."

"But mayn't they get tired of keeping you some day, PERCY?" I ventured to hint.

"They may get as tired as they like, dear old chap," was his reply, "but they've jolly well got to keep me!"

I said nothing. After he had flown away I wondered whether I ought not to have warned him, as I might have by the knowledge I had gained from Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' volume, of the fate that awaited him, whether he married or remained single.

But no warning of mine could avert it, even if it succeeded in shaking an optimism which was probably incorrigible. I thought—and still think—that silence was the truest kindness.

F. A.

The Pioneer.

"On Sunday, September 20, the wife of — of a daughter. Others please copy."—*The Daily Telegraph*.



IN AND OUT.

ENGINEER (returning to work—to cotton operative). "OFF TO PLAY? WELL, I'VE JUST HAD SEVEN MONTHS OF IT, AND I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE DONE MYSELF OR ANYBODY ELSE MUCH GOOD."



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Squire's Daughter. "WOULD YOU MIND THROWING YOUR LITTLE BOY INTO THE POND? I WANT TO SEE IF MY DOG WILL RESCUE HIM."
Villager. "CERTAINLY NOT."
Squire's Daughter. "I DO WISH YOU WOULD. YOU'RE THE SECOND WOMAN I'VE ASKED WHO HAS SAID 'NO.'"

WILSON HADDINGTON;

OR, THE USES OF A MUTUAL FRIEND.

Hostess. MRS. DE FORREST, I want to introduce Mr. WILMINGTON to you.
Mrs. De Forrest. Charmed.

Hostess. Mr. WILMINGTON is an old friend of WILSON HADDINGTON.

Mrs. De F. How very interesting. [The Hostess recedes and retreats.]

Mrs. De F. So you know WILSON HADDINGTON? How very interesting.
Mr. Wilmington. Yes, yes, he is an old friend. Do you know him?

Mrs. De F. A little. Isn't he charming? Have you seen him lately?

Mr. W. I saw him only last week.

Mrs. De F. Since they came back from Venice, then?

Mr. W. Yes, they were just back.

Mrs. De F. She is very attractive, don't you think?

Mr. W. Yes, very.

Mrs. De F. Was ALISON there?

Mr. W. No, ALISON was away. Staying with the TERRYS, I believe. Do you know the TERRYS?

Mrs. De F. I don't know them properly. We met once. I thought she seemed very charming.

Mr. W. Yes, I believe she is. The HADDINGTONS are very fond of them.

Mrs. De F. Have you known WILSON HADDINGTON long?

Mr. W. Several years. We first met at the WILBRAHAM FAYLES'.

Mrs. De F. At Bentwood?

Mr. W. Yes. It was just before they moved to Moorlands.

Mrs. De F. What a beautiful place Bentwood was!

Mr. W. You knew it?

Mrs. De F. I saw it once. I did not know the WILBRAHAM FAYLES. I was taken over by a neighbour to see the gardens. Is Moorlands as beautiful?

Mr. W. Not quite, I think.

[Pause.]

Mrs. De F. It was at Bentwood, then, that you first met WILSON HADDINGTON?

Mr. W. Yes, at Bentwood.

Mrs. De F. He was not grey then, I suppose?

Mr. W. No, he's greyer than his years now.

Mrs. De F. Let me see, how old would you say he is?

Mr. W. Forty-seven, I should guess, or perhaps forty-eight.

Mrs. De F. Oh, do you think so?

I should have said forty-six at the most. But how very young he seems!

Mr. W. Yes. This is a nice garden, don't you think? Those snapdragons are really wonderful. After so much rain, too.

Mrs. De F. Yes, indeed. [Pause.]

Mrs. De F. Is WILSON HADDINGTON writing anything just now?

Mr. W. A novel, I think. He spoke about something of the kind. I can't think how people get turf like this. I wish I could. Our turf is so hard.

Mrs. De F. Where do you live?

Mr. W. In Berkshire.

Mrs. De F. Is that near WILSON HADDINGTON?

Mr. W. Everything is near now, with the motor car. [Pause.]

Mrs. De F. Has WILSON HADDINGTON got a new car?

Mr. W. I don't know. He drove over in a large red one. Have you been seeing any of the new plays?

Mrs. De F. None, I am sorry to say. I have not been to town since June. [Pause.]

Mrs. De F. When is WILSON HADDINGTON going to give us a play? It's quite time. [And so forth.]

DISCURSIONS.

THE MEETING.

SCENE—*The Library of a Country House. He is writing at a table near the window, with his back turned to Her. She is standing irresolutely in the middle of the room behind an armchair, which she has just dragged and pushed laboriously from its usual place. The time is 3 p.m.*

He (turning round upon her suddenly). I wish to heaven you wouldn't make such a frightful racket in the room! I can't get a thing written, and I counted on an hour or two of quiet.

She. Oh, don't bother about your writing now. You'll have to give it up anyhow in about twenty minutes, so you may as well get up at once and help me with these chairs.

He (pettishly). Bother the chairs! Why can't you leave them as they are? But you're never happy unless you're moving gigantic pieces of furniture from one place to another. My wardrobe, for instance. Where's that gone? It was in my dressing-room two days ago, and now—

She (appealing to the universe). There—he grudges me the wardrobe, the only place where I can really put anything comfortably. He wants it for his coats and his trousers and his overgrown riding-boots. And I'm not to have even a tiny corner to hang a dress in. CHARLES, how can you be so selfish and so heartless?

He (desperately). Oh, take the wardrobe—

She. I have.

He. Take everything. I never met a woman yet who didn't consider a man selfish for wanting to keep what belongs to me.

She. Him, CHARLES, him. You're getting your pronouns mixed. However, if you'll help me with these chairs, I'll forgive you even that.

He. But what on earth do you want to move the chairs for? Why can't you leave them where they are?

She (again to the universe). He's forgotten again. Didn't I see an advertisement of Memory Powders somewhere the other day? CHARLES, you must take one in water after getting out of bed in the morning. It'll help your writing, too, you know. You're always forgetting where the quotations come from—

He (jumping from his chair). Will you or will you not tell me what game you're up to?

She (placidly). I'm not sure I like that expression, CHARLES. It doesn't seem to be quite in your best "four-guineas-a-thousand" style. "What game you're up to"! No, no. "What design you are contemplating," or "What project you have set your hand to." I'm sure something of that sort—

He. If I were a weaker and a more brutal man, I'd throw you out of the room—

She. Don't be unjust to yourself, CHARLES.

He. Once more; what are you up to?

She (cheerfully). Now honestly, CHARLES, do you really mean to say you've forgotten that the S.P.A. are to meet here at 3.30 to-day?

He (passing his hand over his forehead). The S.P.A.? What's that? *Senatus Populus*—no, that won't do. What is it?

She. Don't be absurd, CHARLES. You know well enough it's the Stocking and Petticoat Association.

He (blankly). Never heard of it.

She. My dear! It's had two meetings here already.

He. No. That was the Tea and Coal Club.

She. Same thing. It's changed its name. Instead

of giving tea and coal to the parents, we're going to give stockings and petticoats to the children.

He. Oh, that's it, is it? But why is it to meet in this room? We had it in the dining-room last time.

She. My dear, it's too dreadfully formal having them all sitting round the dining-room table. We shall be much cosier here.

He. If you've settled it, of course there's no more to be said. I know that well enough.

She. That's a good sensible boy. Now—

He. But, I say, didn't they make you Secretary last time?

She. Yes, I'm Secretary.

He (malignantly). Have you posted up your minutes?

She. What a funny thing to say, CHARLES. What does one do when one posts up minutes? Is it a painful thing to do?

He (appealing in his turn to the universe). Here's a woman, a Secretary, who doesn't know what minutes are. *(To her)* Have you written your account of the last meeting in the minute-book?

She. Don't be ridiculous. Of course I have. How could I know you meant that? Listen. *(She takes up the minute-book from a chair and reads):* "Monday, July 6th. A meeting of the Tea and Coal Club was held at Bristol House, Sir WILLIAM LAMPETER in the chair. There were present—" There you are, all complete and beautiful. In fact, I'm the champion minute-poster of the parish— *(There is a sound of carriage-wheels outside, and a ring is heard at the front door.)* Gracious! There they are. Hurry up, CHARLES, and help with the chairs.

[He dashes in and helps magnificently. In the space of a minute they perform prodigies of chair-and-sofa-and-table-changing together. The whole aspect of the room is altered. A butler throws open the door of the room. With a whisk of her hands she smoothes herself and advances smiling. He remains in the background also smiling.]

The Butler (announcing). Sir WILLIAM and Lady LAMPETER!
(Curtain.)

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with profound admiration the letter that Mr. S. F. EDGE has addressed to *The Times*. He promises, in deference to public feeling, to abstain in future from entering his motor cars (he mentions their name) for dangerous and abnormal competitions; with the proviso that, if this abstinence is found to affect his business unfavourably, he will conclude that he has "mistaken the trend of public feeling" and will again "lead the way," as he modestly says, in these unnatural contests. I like Mr. EDGE's hedging, and I am going to imitate it. I am a female writer of disgusting and nauseous novels: but in deference to public protests I shall in future abstain from this kind of thing and take to clean writing. If, however, my sales fall off, I shall conclude that I have "mistaken the trend of public feeling," and shall revert to my wallowing in the mud. Yours faithfully,

ANOTHER HEDGER.

"Quote, if you choose, publicans on liquor laws or slave-drivers on the capacities of blacks; cite Marshall as a witness to purity or Bacchus to sobriety."—*Church Family Newspaper*.

"Snelgrove to sobriety" would have looked better, if it was impossible to spell Martial's name correctly.



Amateur Agriculturist (after a blank forenoon, pointing to field knee-deep in weeds, mostly groundsel). "NOW WE OUGHT TO FIND A BIRD OR TWO HERE. BEST BIT OF COVER I'VE GOT."

Friend. "ER—BY THE WAY, OLD CHAP, WHAT ARE WE SHOOTING?—ER—CANARIES?"

WHAT EVERY WOMAN DOESN'T KNOW.

["Time-Savers for Servants" are described as a feature of the Grocers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall.]

AMONG Time-Savers which our housekeeping expert missed from the Exhibition were:—

Daylight-Saving Clock, constructed to go half an hour fast in the morning and half an hour slow in the evening. Testimonial from boarding-house lady:—"It bamboozled my general for five years."

Pair of gramophones for conducting courtships at the back door, graduated from "First Advances" to "Proposals," with special apparatus for breaking off engagements.

Time-Limit Servant's Candle, with attachment for extinguishing it at 9.30 p.m.; not relightable until next day.

Penny-in-the-Slot Letter Writer.—"Saves my servants four hours a day."—Householder.

Patent Dummy Door-Opener.—

Opens hall door within ten minutes of a knock. Complete with clean apron, cap and trigger.

Account-Book for Single Entry.—Saves the cook the trouble of entering housekeeping items twice over. To which is attached the Secret Commission Ready Reckoner.

"Experience has already shown that there is no limit practically to the sum which even a relatively poor nation will spend on a single armoured ship. The money, it may be, is found with difficulty, but the possession of a vessel of maximum size and power ministers to the armour propre of the population."—*The Naval and Military Record*.

Not good. And, anyhow, quite out of place in a serious article.

"When a boy named Fred Haylor attempted to kill a large snake at Shaldon, South Devon, the reptile jumped at his face. The boy bent his head, and the snake went over him."—*The Cork Constitution*.

This exciting story of adventure falls quite naturally into a column headed "Passing Events."

A good game for the long autumn evenings can be played in this way. Each person in turn reads out a little paragraph from *The Daily Mirror*, and the others try to guess what the paragraph is headed. Here is an example from the issue of the 23rd:—

"If you please, sir, I want to be a soldier," said a boy who was "going on for sixteen" to the Lambeth magistrate yesterday. It was arranged that he should see the court missionary.

Probably somebody would suggest *A Young Briton* or *Lambeth Lad's Longings* as a suitable title; hardly anybody would think of the right answer—*A Centenarian's Estate*.

"It is curious to see Mr. Winston Churchill with anything of a flush on his dead-white face (says *The British Weekly*), but when he entered the church from the vestry there could be no question of his nervousness, and Lord Hugh Cecil, who stood over him gravely pulling at his moustache, took the very proper course of insisting upon the bridegroom seating himself as quickly as possible."—*Daily Dispatch*.

We always thought Mr. CHURCHILL's dead-white face was clean-shaved.

AT WILLIAM'S WEDDING FEAST.

I ENVIED not the novel bliss
That glittered, WILLIAM, in your
eyes;
I should have held it much remiss
Had you looked otherwise,
And your hilarious moods did not
Cast shadows on my single lot.

Your blushing bride (who won all
hearts)

I gazed upon without annoy;
She seems a thing of pleasing parts,
What about dross, dear boy?
But all her charms did not abate
The comfort of my lonely state.

No, WILLIAM, no. Howe'er divine
Your fortune (and the girl's) may
be,

I yet remained convinced that mine
Was good enough for me;
And I had been contented still
But for those lovely presents, BILL!

Silver on silver, new and old,
Rich furnitures for either sex,
The jewels, WILLIAM, and the gold,
The cheques, ah gods, the
cheques!—

Oh, WILLIAM, WILLIAM, these to scan
Was painful to a single man.

And ever as I gazed, my breast
Grew heavy with a growing doubt;
What had you done to be so blest?
Why should I go without?
Nay, to upset my simple mind
Was bad, but worse remains behind.

I could condone the jealous fire
You kindled in a lonely bard;
But, WILLIAM, was it well to hire
A sleuth from Scotland Yard
And put him there as sentinel?
That was not well. It was not well.
DUM-DUM.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL
WHITE.

AT a mass meeting held on the
Flip Flap last week, to decide as to
whether or no the White City should
be an Eternal City, there were
present H.R.H. the PRINCE OF
WALES, Sir GEORGE WHITE (in
the Chair), Mr. RICHARD WHITEING,
Messrs. A. and C. BLACK, Sir JAMES
CRICHTON-BROWNE, Messrs. GREEN-
ING, Mr. J. B. PINKER, the Mayor of
READING, Sir EDWARD GREY, various
representatives of the Yellow Jour-
nalism, and a variety of coloured
gentlemen.

On the opening of proceedings
letters were read from various foreign
Powers that wished for an *entente*
with Great Britain, and thought that
Shepherd's Bush might help to

cement such a bond. The Prince of
MONACO suggested a Monaco-British
Exhibition, and offered a handsome
subsidy towards it and the loan of a
royal bodyguard of croupiers. "In
this case," he wrote, "the colloquial
name might be the Rouge et Noir
City, and the Earl of ROSSLYN would
perhaps take the place of Mr. IMRÉ
KIRALFY."

President CASTRO also wrote asking
that a Venezuela-British Exhibition
might be arranged, with the substitu-
tion of a Great Wheel (at several
Revolutions a minute) for the Flip
Flap.

The Chairman then called upon
the meeting to offer suggestions as to
(1) the desirability of opening the
Exhibition again next year, and (2)
the nature of the Exhibition to be
held.

His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF
WALES suggested that next year a
quite new kind of Exhibition should
be held—an Exhibition that was
really ready for the public on the
day it was opened. That, he said,
would be a novelty worth visiting.
(*Loud cheers, during which H.R.H.
returned to Marlborough House.*)

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE said
he was in favour of continuing the
Exhibition, but he failed to see why
they should continue to show such
exclusive preference to one colour—
if, indeed, it was a colour at all.
The only advantage about a White
City was that it was the easiest to
paint red. (*Sensation.*) Sympa-
thising as he did with his friend
CARLYLE in his estimate of human
folly, he thought the best thing to do
with it was to convert it into a resi-
dential estate for vegetarians, and re-
christen it the Green City.

Sir THOMAS MOUNTAIN DEWAR sug-
gested that the Exhibition should be
continued under the title of the
Black and White City. The Editors
of *The Graphic*, *The Sphere*, and
The Illustrated London News strongly
protested.

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS pointed out
that London was singularly deficient
in an adequate museum of criminol-
ogy. Madame TUSSAUD did what
she could, poor old lady, but her
space was limited, and Scotland Yard
showed a curious and old-fashioned
reluctance to admit the public to view
its treasury of turpitude. The Shep-
herd's Bush buildings were admir-
ably suited for the display of morbid
relics, reconstructed crimes and so
forth. His suggestion was to hold a
Murder Exhibition next year and call
it the Black City.

Mr. JOSEPH LYONS said that his

idea of an Exhibition was an Exhi-
bition where people got hungry. It
did not in the least matter what they
saw. All that was needed was
plenty to see and plenty to eat. If
he had his way the present Exhi-
bition would remain untouched, but
the title would be changed—say to
Russo-British or Græco-Roman, or
anything catchy.

M. PAILLARD, the famous Parisian
restaurateur, supported Mr. LYONS.
The great thing, he said, was to
choose a good name. Nothing mat-
tered after that. The people came
and asked no questions.

Mr. TOM B. DAVIS, the manager of
the Lyric Theatre, said that as
Honorary President of the K.O.W.
League he had no hesitation in ex-
pressing his opinion that the White
City ought to be the permanent and
abiding home of the Whitest of
White Men—need he say that he
referred to their idolised friend Mr.
LEWIS WALLER?

Mr. CHIRGWIN, who addressed the
meeting through the spout of a
patent coffee-pot of his own inven-
tion, was understood to say that if
the Exhibition was going to be re-
served for Albinos he would have to
reorganize his entire complexion.

General ROGER POCOCK, command-
ing the Legion of Frontiersmen,
pleaded eloquently for the conver-
sion of the Exhibition buildings into
a permanent barracks for his famous
corps. Camping out in the open was
all very well in a tropical or sub-
tropical climate, but there were
moments when even his hard-bitten
veterans hankered after a roof. For
himself he would be content with the
Court of Honour if the Stadium were
covered in for the gallant fellows
who had escorted LA MILO in her
perilous ride through the streets of
Coventry, and who were all ready to
do the same service for the biblical
hornpapist of the Palace. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON said that it
gave him great pleasure to sustain
the rôle of skeleton at the feast.
They could not all hope to live for
ever. (*Applause.*) What better use
could they make of the White City
than paint it black and turn it into
a standing reminder of their mor-
tality? It might then be utilised for
a great Exhibition of mausoleums,
cenotaphs, sarcophagi, cinerary urns,
tombs, vaults, epitaphs and other
funereal adjuncts. Music would natu-
rally form an important feature at
such a show, and he had already
composed one-hundred-and-fifty vari-
ations on "Down Among the Dead
Men" for the opening concert.



"THANK GOODNESS! THERE YOU ARE, AUGUSTUS. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TAKE THE CHILDREN AWAY, AND—ER—SEE IF THERE IS ANY SUPPER FOR THEM, OR I SHALL NEVER GET THIS DONE IN TIME FOR THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION!"

A novelist and dramatist, who preferred to remain incognito, and who had red hair, a Shakspearean brow, three legs and no tail, suggested that the Exhibition should be transformed into a permanent wax-work representation of the characters in his many works. (*Help! Help!*)

A similar suggestion was made by a retiring lady from Stratford-on-Avon with regard to the romances from her pen. (*No offers.*)

The meeting then dispersed without coming to any definite conclusion; but whatever happens to the Exhibition there is every reason to fear that the Golden Dome will continue to draw its millions of enraptured sightseers every day. Nothing can alter that.

Things which might have been put differently.

"Mr. Lloyd-George, who has been suffering from a cold, is staying with Mrs. Lloyd-George at Folkestone, and the change has done him much good."—*The Daily Mail.*

"Lost.—Fox terrier, all white except black one side face and ear; answers moderately to Cinders."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Probably he would be most amenable to lumps of coal.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

"Bill's just gone back to school. . . . You might write and give him a little sound advice."—*Extract from a letter.*

I'M rather pleased with what I wrote:

It didn't cost me much reflection, Yet struck, I fancy, just the note A letter should, in this connection.

I might have written, if I would, Some such advice as, "Be industrious;

Be punctual, my boy; be good; And one day you will be illustrious."

But then he'll have that preached him by

Some other chap more skilled to speak it,

One better qualified than I To take his moral ear and tweak it.

I might have spoken of his sports, And bade him "tackle low—and hard, too!"

With other points, of divers sorts, A rigger man should pay regard to.

Yet that, again, though just the stuff I happen to be rather apt in—

He'll hear it all quite soon enough, With more conviction, from his captain.

And so I let didactics go, And wrote (you'll notice) simply, briefly: He didn't think it "rot," I know— And that was what I wanted chiefly:

"Dear BILL,—Here's luck from Auntie BESS And me, as well as GEOFF and WINNIE! Your loving Uncle DICK. P.S.— Enclosed with this you'll find a guinea."

"HAMPSTEAD.—Unique UPPER PART of seven rooms and bath."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

We accept the advertiser's statement as to the unique character of his offer. But we should like to know whether the water that wants to get to the upper half of the bath would have a right of access through the lower half, or whether a false bottom would be necessary. And if this contrivance were made a fixture, what about the tenant of the lower half? But that, of course, is his affair.

The Personality of Boots.

Seen in a Paris shop:—

"BOTTINES À L'ANGLAISE. TRÈS SNOB."



MOOR MYSTERIES.

"DID YOU MARK THAT BIRD DOWN?"

"NOA, A' MARKED UN OOP!"

THE DANGER OF OVERDOING IT.

["It is not often an English actor is reproached for playing a part too sympathetically, but Mr. Allan Aynesworth . . . has just had this curious experience. After a recent performance of 'Idols' . . . a young 'Varsity man appeared in his dressing-room with very red eyes. 'Look here,' he said, 'if you want the piece to have a long run you must tone down your part a bit. A man can't stand having his feelings worked on till he makes an ass of himself—like me this evening. If you make the men cry they will be afraid to come to the theatre. Act a bit less as though you really felt it all.'"—*Daily Paper.*]

MR. BEERBOHM TREE has recently been the recipient of a gratifying testimony to the extraordinary lifelikeness of his acting. After a performance of *Faust*, in which, as everyone knows, the famous actor-manager sustains the rôle of the Prince of Darkness, a young curate burst into his dressing-room in a state bordering on frenzy. "Pardon my intrusion," he observed in soul-shaking accents, "but if you wish to secure the approval of the clergy you really must modify your conception of the part. If you frighten grown men like me they will be afraid to come to the theatre. For heaven's sake make the part a little more amusing—a little less devilish."

Among recent visitors to Le Mans to witness the astonishing exploits of

Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT has been Mr. HENRY BIRD, the popular accompanist and organist. After Mr. WRIGHT's record flight Mr. BIRD was among the first to accost the intrepid aviator. "Oh, Mr. WRIGHT," pleaded the talented musician, "I beg, I beseech you not to fly so high. A man cannot stand having his feelings worked on till he wants to be a bird in nature as well as in name."

The seclusion of The Pines was rudely disturbed last week by a sudden visit from Mr. RAYMOND BEGTHWAYT, the famous professional panegyrist and interviewer, who, bursting into Mr. SWINBURNE's sanctum, besought him in poignant tones to abstain from the passionate invective which bespangles his new volume of Essays. "If you want your book to sell," panted Mr. BEGTHWAYT, "you must tone down your abuse. To hear EURIPIDES described as 'a mutilated monkey' is more than I, an Oxford man, can stand." Here Mr. BEGTHWAYT wiped away a few natural tears and proceeded: "You are the most opulent of eulogists. Why, then, deviate into censure at all?" Hurriedly pressing a copy of M.A.P. into the hand of the great poet, Mr. BEGTHWAYT returned to his motor.

As Mr. MARK HAMBOURG was leaving the Queen's Hall by the artists' entrance the other day, he was abruptly addressed in Russian by a sinister-looking stranger with a pale face and blazing eyes. "I was an Anarchist two hours ago," he began, "but I am one no longer. Your miraculous playing of SCHUMANN'S *Etudes Symphoniques* wrought such an overwhelming effect on my nature that I am now consumed and pervaded with the spirit of universal brotherhood." The ex-Anarchist, whose real name we understand is quite unpronounceable by British vocalists, has now assumed the alias of PHILADELPHUS LOVEJOY, and follows Mr. HAMBOURG everywhere with dog-like fidelity.

Seventeen illustrated interviews with Mr. BERNARD SHAW have been the inevitable result of the reference to the gifted playwright which appears in Miss ELLEN TERRY's autobiography. Mr. SHAW is deeply wounded by the phrase "A good, kind, gentle creature" applied to him by Miss TERRY, and has let her distinctly understand that if this deplorably erroneous impression of his true character were to be generally accepted, his reputation as the all-wool Machiavelli of Mayfair would be blasted for ever.



THE GATHERING STORM.

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THE COMPLETE KITCHEN.

I SAT in the drawing-room after dinner with my knees together and my hands in my lap, and waited for the game to be explained to me.

"There's a pencil for you," said somebody.

"Thank you very much," I said, and put it carefully away. Evidently I had won a forfeit already. It wasn't a very good pencil, though.

"Now, has everybody got pencils?" asked somebody else. "The game is called 'Furnishing a Kitchen.' It's quite easy. Will somebody think of a letter?" She turned to me. "Perhaps you'd better."

"Certainly," I said, and I immediately thought very hard of N. These thought-reading games are called different things, but they are all the same really, and I don't believe in any of them.

"Well?" said everybody.

"What? . . . Yes, I have. Go on. . . Oh, I beg your pardon," I said in confusion. I thought you—N is the letter."

"N or M?"

I smiled knowingly to myself.

"My godfather and my godmother," I went on cautiously—

"It was N," interrupted somebody. "Now then, you've got five minutes in which to write down everything you can beginning with N. Go." And they all started to write like anything.

I took my pencil out and began to think. I know it sounds an easy game to you now, as you sit at your desk surrounded by dictionaries; but when you are squeezed on to the edge of a sofa, given a very blunt pencil and a thin piece of paper, and challenged to write in five minutes (on your knees) all the words you can think of beginning with a certain letter—well, it is another matter altogether. I thought of no end of things which started with K, or even L; I thought of "rhinoceros," which is a very long word and starts with R; but as for—

I looked at my watch and groaned. One minute gone.

"I must keep calm," I said, and in a bold hand I wrote *Napoleon*. Then, after a moment's thought, I added *Nitro-glycerine*, and *Nats*.

"This is splendid," I told myself. *Nothing Hill*, *Nobody* and *Noon*.

That makes six."

At six I stuck for two minutes. I did worse than that, in fact; for I suddenly remembered that gnats were spelt with a G. However, I



Harassed Visitor. "HERE, YOU TWO TERRORS, I WANT TO BARGAIN WITH YOU. I WANT TO TALK TO YOUR SISTER. HERE'S HALF-A-CROWN BETWEEN YOU IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO STOP WORRYING FOR AN HOUR."

Elder Terror. "MAKE IT TWO BOB EACH, AND SHE'S YOURS FOR EVER!"

decided to leave them, in case nobody else remembered. And on the fourth minute I added *Non-sequitur*.

"Time!" said somebody.

"Just a moment," said everybody. They wrote down another word or two (which isn't fair), and then began to add up. "I've got thirty," said one.

"Thirty-two."

"Twenty-five."

"Good Heavens," I said, "I've only got seven."

There was a shout of laughter.

"Then you'd better begin," said somebody. "Read them out."

I coughed nervously, and began.

"*Napoleon*."

There was another shout of laughter.

"I am afraid we can't allow that."

"Why ever not?" I asked in amazement.

"Well, you'd hardly find him in a kitchen, would you?"

I took out a handkerchief and wiped my brow. "I don't want to find him in a kitchen," I said ner-

vously. "Why should I? As a matter of fact, he's dead. I don't see what the kitchen's got to do with it. Kitchens begin with a K."

"But the game is called 'Furnishing a Kitchen.' You have to make a list of things beginning with N which you would find in a kitchen. You understood that, didn't you?"

"Y-y-yes," I said. "Oh, y-y-y-yes. Of course."

"So Napoleon—"

I pulled myself together with a great effort.

"You don't understand," I said with dignity. "The cook's name was Napoleon."

"Cooks aren't called Napoleon," said everybody.

"This one was. CARRIE NAPOLEON. Her mistress was just as surprised at first as you were, but CARRIE assured her that—"

"No, I'm afraid we can't allow it."

"I'm sorry," I said; "I'm wrong about that. Her name was CARRIE SMITH. But her young man was a soldier, and she had bought a *Life of Napoleon* for a birthday present for him. It stood on the dresser—it did really, waiting for her next Sunday out."

"Oh! Oh, well, I suppose that is possible. Go on."

"Gnats," I went on, nervously and hastily. "Of course I know that—"

"Gnats are spelt with a G," they shrieked.

"These weren't. They had lost the G very early on, and consequently couldn't bite at all, and Cook said that—"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"I'm sorry," I said resignedly. "I had about forty of them—on the dresser. If you won't allow any of them, it pulls me down a lot. Er—then we have *Nitro-glycerine*."

There was another howl of derision.

"Not at all," I said haughtily. "Cook had chapped hands very badly, and she went to the chemist's one evening for a little glycerine. The chemist was out, and his assistant—a very nervous young fellow—gave her *nitro-glycerine* by mistake. It stood on the dresser, it did, really."

"Well," said everybody very reluctantly, "I suppose—"

I went on hastily.

"That's two. Then *Nobody*. Of course, you might easily find nobody in the kitchen. In fact you would pretty often, I should say. Three. The next is *Noon*. It could be noon in the kitchen as well as anywhere

else. Don't be narrow-minded about that."

"All right. Go on."

"*Non-sequitur*," I said doubtfully.

"What on earth—"

"It's a little difficult to explain, but the idea is this. At most restaurants you can get a second help of anything for half-price, and that is technically called a "follow." Now, if they didn't give you a follow, that would be a *Non-sequitur* . . . You do see that, don't you?"

There was a deadly silence.

"Five," I said cheerfully. "The last is *Notting Hill*. I must confess," I added magnanimously, "that I am a bit doubtful whether you would actually find Notting Hill in a kitchen."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes. My feeling is that you would be more likely to find the kitchen in Notting Hill. On the other hand, it is just possible that as Calais was found engraven on MARY's heart, so—Oh, very well. Then it remains at five."

Of course you think that, as I only had five, I came out last. But you are wrong. There is a pleasing rule in this game that, if you have any word in your list which somebody else has, you cannot count it. And as all the others had the obvious things—such as a nutmeg-grater or a neck of mutton or an omelette—my five won easily. And you will note that if only I had been allowed to count my gnats, it would have been forty-five. A. A. M.

THE IDEAL DIET.

WE have received several letters respecting an article in last Thursday's *Westminster Gazette* entitled "Wild Scenes in the Bohemian Diet." Space will not permit us to print them in full, but we feel strongly that such regrettable occurrences justify the publication of any reasonable means that may be suggested for their prevention in the future. Mr. EUSTACE MILES writes that he has been much shocked by the news. "I do not know what the diet of the Bohemians may be, but I feel confident that it is not in accordance with my rules for healthy feeding. My E. M. Proteid Mush and Chips are perhaps the ideal foods among quiet diets, and I would humbly commend them as a sure prevention of future trouble of this unhappy nature. Any Bohemian sending me a stamped addressed

envelope shall receive an explanatory booklet, fully illustrated, by return."

Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE writes us a strong letter against the use, as diet, of sausages and kippers, which, as he very truly says, are the main food of Bohemians of the present day. In all his long experience he has never known a sausage and a kipper live peaceably together, and he gives it as his firm opinion that only in good red beef can quiet be found.

One Who Knows.

"There were two Johnsons—one the poet, essayist, critic, editor, and dictionary-maker; and another Johnson the talker. The first was a very second-rate poet, an essayist whose style the classicists of the present age rightly reject; occasionally incisive and brilliant, but as often overladen, pompous, and turgid, who talked not of a 'chain,' but of a 'concatenation' of ideas."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We cannot help feeling, as we reach the end of this passage, that this is an instance of the little pot calling the big pot black.

A Natural Phenomenon.

"A HEAVY SHOWER.—Between 2.30 and 3 o'clock this afternoon the sky in the City grew very dark, and a heavy shower came up from the east. For ten minutes or so the rain fell furiously in drops so large that at first they were taken for hailstones. The streets were flooded for a short time, and the man without overcoat, umbrella or shelter thought himself very unlucky."—*Westminster Gazette*.

We congratulate our wide-awake contemporary on being the only newspaper to report this truly remarkable occurrence.

Professional Football.

"At the beginning of each season it is customary to take a more or less sanguinary view of a team's chances in the League campaign."—*Blackburn Weekly Telegraph*.

"Burns the boxer, and the late Burns, bridge-jumper, are different persons."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

"So are BURNS the Cabinet Minister, and the late BURNS poet."—*Punch*.

"Miss Marie George wears an invisible green and dark red tartan kilted skirt."—*Daily Graphic*.

So does Miss MAUD ALLAN.

"SHORTHAND.—100 words 1 month. Call and see world's fastest writer."—*Belfast News Letter*.

Nearly four words a day—the imagination reels at it.

"As GARDENER, Head or Second, inside or (inside out)."—*The Yorkshire Post*.

Personally we should love to see him inside out for a second.

SOME MORE AMATEUR PRESENTATION STATUES.



OUR ARTIST HAS NOTICED THAT ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION OF LATE STATUES OF THEIR OWN PRODUCTION HAVE BEEN OFFERED BY AMATEUR SCULPTORS TO PROVINCIAL TOWNS, AND THEY HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AND SET UP IN THE PUBLIC STREETS. THIS PRACTICE, IF PERSISTED IN, SURELY OPENS UP SOME APPALLING POSSIBILITIES.

AMONG THE DUKERIES.

THE way in which marriages are made in Mayfair has long been an unwritten scandal. You start by being already married and sick of your old wife; then you get a divorce in some obscure country, such as Switzerland, by a process which doesn't count in England; then you marry again and are still received in a Society that is rotten to the marrow. It was high time that the whole ugly system was exposed; and Mr. CECIL RALEIGH, like the ardent reformer he is, has undertaken to do so, with Mr. HAMILTON's assistance, at Drury Lane. It is true that in his drama, *The Marriages of Mayfair*, there is only one Mayfair marriage, and that a perfectly sound one; so that the moralist's design might have escaped our notice but for a long premonitory interview in the Press, in which he clearly defined his lofty motive. Yet I half fear that the pulpit homilies of Father BERNARD RALEIGH are like to be overwhelmed by the gorgeous pomp and ritual supplied by Lay-brother COLLINS; and that many an erring Mayfair sheep, that should have left the sacred edifice resolved to make cleaner marriages in future, will retain nothing but vivid pictures of RUMPELMAYER's, of the theft of the Tower jewels, of a warm corner in the *Duke of Exmoor's* covers, with a cock-pheasant stuck fast in mid air, and of a villain and a pony precipitated down an Alpine snow-shoot.

I am certain that the intelligence of a Drury Lane audience is higher than mine: for nobody else seemed to be worried about the plot, which, as I gathered, runs as follows:—The late Lord Alaric Villiers gets himself divorced in Switzerland from his first wife, and within a year marries Lady Margaret Constable. His son by this second marriage eventually inherits the Marquisate of Deerminster. It is then shown that the Swiss divorce was invalid in our courts, and that therefore the new Marquis was not born in good British wedlock. He is accordingly ousted from his title. But there is still a chance left of restoring his poor mother's honour. The first wife is known to be dead; it is merely a question of proving that she died

before Lord Alaric's second marriage. Unfortunately there is but one person who can witness to the date of her death, and he is a gentleman of so obscure a life that he is only traceable once a year in a hospice on the top of a snow-bound Alpine pass. However, he is run to earth, and admits that the deceased lady, of whom he has many kind things to say, perished in a neighbouring drift two years before Lord Alaric's second marriage. This contented everybody but myself, I being left wondering how she contrived to die a whole year before her own divorce.

Another thing that troubled me was the stupidity of the Tower guard.



WIDEAWAKEFIELD TOWER.

Jim Callender (Mr. Lyn Harding) to Dudley Gore (Mr. Vincent Clive). "Hist! We are unobserved!"

Not only were the arrangements for the theft of the jewels made under the very nose of the sentry, but the poor amateur burglar actually stood for quite a long time palsied with fright not more than six feet off a squad of soldiers facing his way, while an officer put them through their night-drill. It was an extraordinary oversight on their part.

Thirdly, I could not understand why Lord Adolphus Villiers should have regarded himself as incapable of revoking a power of attorney which he had once made in favour of Miss Bess Bissett of the Halls. On this subject I should have liked to consult a retired Anglo-Indian Judge whom I saw in the stalls. But in recalling acquaintance I might have been tempted to remind him of another

performance at which we jointly assisted—namely, a knock-out fight at a Calcutta circus—and in deference to his dignity I refrained.

The cast included several very capable performers, to whose credit it must be laid that they never let you see their cheeks bulging with their tongues. Mr. LYN HARDING seemed really to enjoy himself as the villain. His presence on the stage always inspires me with confidence, so sound are his methods; and he doesn't mind what he plays in, from SHAKESPEARE to RALEIGH. Miss EVA MOORE was very graceful and natural, although she suffered dreadfully from second-sight. This infirmity was

shared by Mr. CHEVALIER, who shot a beater in the middle of the thigh and excused himself on the ground that he mistook the fellow's feet for a rabbit. It was very difficult after this buffoonery, and his previous comic vagaries, to take seriously the many noble sentiments which he threw off with a superb rotundity which greatly impressed the Pit.

People who sacrifice their dinner so as to be in time for the First Act should be warned to bring matches and a candle, or one of those little electric bull's-eyes as used by the pew-openers; otherwise, in the awful darkness that shrouds the intervals between the scenes (rendered more appalling by a pitiless orchestra) they will be unable to consult the chart and get their bearings in a most bewildering sea of characters.

A final tribute of praise is due to the glories of the renovated Lane; and I felt rather a brute for having carried off, on the sleeve and tail of my coat, a lot of lovely fresh paint from the box which the Management kindly placed at my disposal. This sort of souvenir-hunting was, I now think, a mean return for so much luxury both in the spectacle and its setting.

I was late for *The Early Worm*, which had had some ten days' start and was going strong. It is a nice, careless, inconsequent play—on the borderland of farce—dealing with the harmless intrigues of some comfortable middle-class people to whom the author (Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE), out of deference to the demands of the British snob, assigns such titles as *Duke of Tadcaster*, *Lord Steyne*,

etc. "The Worm" is a term of boyish endearment applied to *Allan Marchmont*, a delightful outsider; but I never discovered that he did anything to deserve the attribute of "early." The epithet must have been thrown in just for joy. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH played the part with infinite relish. Miss FANNY BROUGH, as *Lady Steyne*, lightly ignored the nominal dignity of her social status, and made a really admirable domestic shrew; and Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, as her errant lord, preserved, with great decorum, the traditional demeanour of the weaker vessel. It was impossible to mistake Mr. MATTHEWS for a Duke, and to do him justice he made no attempt to impose upon us. Indeed, I thought he carried to greater lengths than usual his charming air of indifference, as if he found the whole thing too absurd. Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT was very attractive, and Mr. BASKCOMB a really humorous figure as a yacht-steward, whom the rival lovers bribe to fall overboard that they may rescue him and so establish a claim to valour in their lady's eyes.

A pleasantly ridiculous little play, and saved from commonplace by the novelty of the situation on the yacht, and by the fresh candour with which people gave one another, and themselves, away, in the manner established by Mr. BERNARD SHAW. The author of *Arms and the Man* will have to keep a sharp eye on his patent rights. O. S.

•MAXIMS FOR MOTORISTS.

FOR THE CHAUFFEUR.

1. Don't in busy places run over sixty miles an hour, or, in fact, over anything that is likely to injure your reputation or the car.

2. Don't take up a lot of room in turning street corners. All self-respecting chauffeurs do this on the two outside wheels.

3. Don't creep under the car at every little dislocation. This, besides suggesting the comic postcard, looks cowardly. If the fault be actually underneath, wait until the car turns over of itself, then operate before righting it.

N.B.—An exception to this rule is where a constable is seen approaching with his notebook, in which case both owner and chauffeur may do well to crawl beneath the chassis for a space.

4. Save with an upward lift of the eyebrows or a downward turn of the mouth, never deign to notice other



EVANING-KING

Tourist (after a long discussion with Station-master on the subject of catching a steamer). "SO YOU WOULD ADVISE ME TO COME BACK BY THE SUNDAY NIGHT TRAIN IN ORDER TO CATCH THE BOAT ON MONDAY MORNING?"
Station-master (severely). "A WUD ADVISE NAE MON TAE PROFANE THE SAWBATH; BUT A'LL JIST REPEAT—IF YE WAIT TILL THE MONDAY YE'LL NAE GET THE CONNECTION."

makes of cars or the driving abilities of other chauffeurs.

5. Always leave the thingummy vibrating when the car is pulled up for a long roadside chat. It is a great assistance to conversation.

FOR THE OWNER.

1. Attempt no familiarities with the chauffeur; at the same time avoid obsequiousness.

2. When being towed home by another car lean back and look amused.

3. Except in the presence of the chauffeur let your conversation be heavily charged with technical terms.

4. For districts infested by the police a disguisable number-plate should be used. The letters and figures can be temporarily changed by the pulling of a cord from inside

the car. As to *personal* disguise no reminder is necessary, its advantages having been recognised from the first.

FOR THE OWNER'S WIFE.

1. Avoid any appearance of interest in the scenery.

2. Cultivate the motor bow. It is less formal than the carriage bow, and is sometimes accompanied by a flutter of the left hand.

3. Back up your husband's protest at a "hold-up" by the police with a look of haughty astonishment, as if to say, "But surely this is absurd! We were only doing seventy miles an hour."

4. In town, if the car is a showy one, leave it palpitating at the shop door while you purchase your pins or tape. The sound of it may strengthen your credit.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the critics of *Diana Mallory* (SMITH, ELDER) observes that in reading it "we soon feel as if we had been at a reception by a highly popular hostess with a wide circle of political friends." I'm not so sure that I do feel this. I suppose I ought to appreciate more than I do the high privilege of reading the minds of the eminent politicians, from the PRIME MINISTER downwards, whom Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD brings into relation with her latest heroine. But, except that I enjoy the shrewd knocks which she deals to such people as platform women of the baser sort and wealthy democrats who must have the best of everything, the political part of the book leaves me cold. It seems to me more artificial than the work which one naturally expects from the creator of *Robert Elsmere* and *Sir George Tressady*.

study in character-drawing *Marshall* is a masterly achievement. But as a fit mate for *Diana* he is impossible. And I think Mrs. WARD asks too much if she expects us all to be as forgiving as *Diana*.

No coterie has been more fully or more frequently written about than that which in the early half of last century was gathered under the hospitable roof of Holland House. GREVILLE, MACAULAY, BROUGHAM, ABERHAM, HEYWORTH, SYDNEY SMITH, TOM MOORE, BYRON and GUIZOT have contributed to the gallery of portraits. In *The Holland House Circle* (METHUEN) Mr. LLOYD SANDERS does not add anything to the familiar story. A diligent gleaner in the fields where grow the harvests of other men, he has garnered in a portly volume a fascinating collection of reminiscences. Lucidity is not his most shining virtue. To tell the truth, he is occasionally as "confused and unintelligible" in his narrative as was CANNING's friend GEORGE

A CONTRAST.



THE YELLOW PRESS AS IT APPEARS IN ALLEGORY



AND

A FEW OF THE INDIVIDUALS WHO PRODUCE IT.

It is like a picture-frame, carefully squared and neatly dovetailed, but composed of machine-made moulding which can be turned out by the yard. On the other hand the portrait of *Diana* herself is in all respects natural and charming; and *Ferrier*, the Opposition leader, *Sir James Chide*, the eminent lawyer, and one or two other of the most prominent characters are well and truly drawn. But when we come to the figure of *Oliver Marshall*, the weak, vacillating, insincere member of the Radical Party, who is throughout the object of *Diana's* love, the general harmony of the picture is to my mind spoilt. At his mother's instigation he feebly consents to break off his engagement to *Diana*, on discovering that her mother had been condemned to death for a murder which was in reality only an act of self-defence, and he is basely disloyal to *Ferrier*, his party-leader. Yet in spite of these two acts of treachery, both of them the natural outcome of his character, *Diana* continues to love him, and eventually marries him on what is wrongly supposed to be his death-bed. As a

ELLIS in conversation. But the theme is so attractive that, having turned back in vain attempt to see where odd sentences lead to, one can pass on to be reminded of SYDNEY SMITH's sparkling wit or Lady HOLLAND's studied rudeness. The value of the book, which is great, is increased by the reproduction of portraits of most of the men whose names are associated with Holland House. A company that included SAMUEL ROGERS, SYDNEY SMITH, BYRON, GUIZOT, SHERIDAN, LUTTRELL, TOM MOORE, FRANCIS HORNER, MONCKTON MILNES, to mention only a few names, was never before drawn together, and its equal has not since foregathered.

"The marriage of Miss — to Mr. — took place in Brussels, the ceremony being performed on account of the advanced age of the bridegroom's grandmother."—*The Times*.

How rare, indeed, is it nowadays (as they say at Drury Lane) to hear of a marriage taking place simply and solely for Love.